

to learn, and to Joey Windsor and her friend, Eleanor Pritchard Jones, we shall be forever indebted for having taught us those lessons.

On Saturday, November 14, 1981, in the early evening, Joey Windsor, our beloved friend, died. To Joey Windsor we are, each of us, united by ties of love, and those are ties that can not be broken by the limitations of time and space, and that is why we have come here today to sing the praises of Joey Windsor, and to accompany her earthly remains to their final resting place in Forest Lawn Cemetery. As we do so, it is altogether fitting and proper that we recall a portion of the address that was delivered at the funeral services for Joey's mother, Carrie E. (Romer) Windsor, on July 6, 1906, prior to her interment in Forest Lawn Cemetery. Contained in that address is the following paragraph:

"In the church of St. Nazaro at Florence is a soldier's sepulchre with this inscription which suggests the proper synonym for death: 'He never rested. He rests. Hush!' What shall we write above her resting place? She who spared no labor, no sacrifice; she who counted no gift of time and strength too costly to lavish upon those she loved, rests. Hush! Hush unavailing sorrow for the dead who live. Hush needless grief for those who, absent from the body, are present with the Lord. Hush murmuring and impatient hearts. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her."

Thank you.

Written by S. Robert Powell on November 16, 1981, and delivered by him at the funeral of Ellen Josephine Windsor, at the E. L. Brady Funeral Home, 205 Linwood Avenue, Buffalo, NY, on November 18, 1981, at 2 P.M.